SENECAS ANSWER, TO LVCILIVS HIS QVÆRE;

Why Good Men ſuffer misfortunes ſeeing there is a Divine Providence?

Written Originally in Latine Proſe,

AND

Now Tranſlated into Engliſh Verſe,

BY *E. S.* Eſq;

Calamitas, Virtutis occaſio.

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C

TO
His moſt Sacred MAJESTY.

SIR,

WHilſt I contemplate Your *Sufferings*, ſee You (as it were) *perſonating* to the life that ſad * *Patterne*, which from the *Archetype* of Royall Patience (the King of Heaven himſelfe,) the *Penne* of Your Great *Father* drew, behold You though *under* all the *Preſ-*

* K. *James* his Pattern of a Kings Inauguration.

ſures of theſe times, yet ſtill *above* them, and ſee ev'n thoſe *Croſſes* intended for Your *Afflictions*, ſtoop, and bow to You, paying You, (as it were) that *Homage* which Your *people* ſhould, and in acknowledgement of Your new Acqueſt of paſſive Glory (a Glory, which till Your Majeſties ſufferings manifeſted the contrary, was held inconſiſtent with that of a Crowne) ſaluting You with the ſad, yet ſacred Title of *the King of Sorrows*; I from thence aſſume the humble boldneſſe to think that this Peece of *Seneca* of *The Sufferings of Good Men*, might

might at this time be made a *pardonable*, (I durſt not thinke it a ſuitable) *Preſent* for Your *Majeſties view*; wherein as by a weake *Reflex*, Your Majeſty may perceive a glympſe of Your own invincible *Patience*, and inimitable *Magnamity*; in in bearing and ouer-maſtering *Miſ-fortunes*. How farre beyond what now it hath, had the Divine *Pencill* of *Seneca* ſet off this darke-ſhadowed *Tablet*, had he liv'd in theſe Times to have heightned it with the luſtre of Your *Majeſties Example*!

Sir, whilſt the times are ſuch,

that they deny me according to my *particular Duty* to ſerve the juſt Commands of Your *Majeſties Will*, I preſume (though by ſo mean a Demonſtration) to ſhew Your *Majeſty* that yet I have a *Will* to ſerve You. And if Your *Majeſty* ſhall bee pleaſed to *pardon* this humble *Addreſſe*, it ſhall abundantly ſatisfie his *Modeſty* who cheriſhes not in himſelfe ſo proud a *Hope* as to look for an *Acceptation*.

God who regards Your Majeſties *Sufferings*, for theſe *Minutes* of *Afflictions*, ſend You *Eternity* of *Joyes*, and Crowne

You

You with *Glory* on a *Heavenly Throne*; which that hee would be pleaſed (as in a *Type*) to ſhadow forth unto You in the *Happineſſe* of a *ſpeedy* and a *glorious Reſtauration* to *This of Your Majeſties Kingdomes*; Is the truely zealous, and the juſtly-bounden Prayer of

Your Majeſties moſt
Loyall Subject and
Servant,

EDW. SHERBURNE.

To the Reader.

THat *Verſe is no miſ-becomming Attire for the grave* Moralls of Seneca, *is manifeſt by the late* * *Example of a Worthy Pen: That among all thoſe Excellent Morall Tracts of his, this is one of the Chief, we have the Teſtimony of the learned* Lipſius: *who honours this with the Title of a* Golden Work. *Laſtly, how ſuitable this Peece may ſeeme to the preſent Condition of divers* Good Men, honeſt and loyall Sufferers in theſe bad Times. *The ſubject matter thereof will clearely evidence; To whom if at any time it ſhall prove in the* Reading (*as ſometimes it did to the Tranſlatour in the* doing thereof) *not an unpleaſing Divertiſement, it ſhall not onely excuſe, but Crowne his* Attempt; *And warrant the* Publication *above any Licence of an* Imprimatur. *All that on* Seneca's *behalfe is deſired by his* Interpreter *is this; That in thoſe Places where the* Reader *ſhall finde him ſpeak like a* Stoick *and a* Roman, *he would beare with him; And for that, in others, he ſhall make him a large* Requitall, *teach him to doe like a* Chriſtian.

* His Conſolation to *Marcia* tranſlated into Verſe by Sr. *R. F.*

Farewell.

SENECAS *ANSWER*, TO LUCILIUS HIS *QUÆRE, &c.*

PART. I.

ARGUMENT.

To prove *there's Providence were vaine*,
Since it's *Effects Wee see so plaine.*

THou asks't of me(my Deare *Lucilius*!)whence,
(If this World govern'd be by Providence,)
So many Evills should good men befall?
This would, in our works Context, (where we shall
Prove, that a Providence doth all things steare,
And that God's present with us ev'ry where)

Be

Be fitlier answer'd; but since pleas'd thou art,
That from the Whole I should divide this Part;
And cleare this seeming Contradiction,
Letting the rest of the Dispute alone;
I willingly to this shall condiscend,
And easily the Gods just Cause defend.

'Twill seem but needlesse to be here maintain'd,
That this great Fabrick cannot be sustain'd
Without some Guardian, or that *the set Dance*,
And certaine Motions of the Stars, by Chance
Are not incited, nor distracted run
In a wild, loose, Arietation.
Or that Heav'ns swift, un-interrupted Course
Moves b'an eternall Lawes preord'red force.
Or that that Cause which constant Influence
To all things doth, in Earth, and Seas dispence;
And those bright Sparkes (like Gems in Rings of Gold)
Wee in their sev'rall Spheares inchac'd, behold;
Is not the Order of some wand'ring Power.
That if these things to some rash Colture
Had their convention ow'd, they had not then
With such rare Artifice disposed been.
That heavy Earth unmoved should behold
The flying Heav'ns about her swiftly rowl'd.
That Seas through Vallies spred, moisten the ground.
That they t'admit increase are never found
By that Accesse their Wat'ry Tribute brings
From all the In-land Rivers, and fresh Springs,
That from small Seeds such Mightie Bodies grow,
That none ev'n of these things, which have least show

Of

Of Certaintie and moſt confuſed ſeeme,
(As Wee, Clouds, Raine, and Thunder-Claps eſteeme,
Fires which with Horror blaze from Mountaines ſplit,
Earth-quakes, when ſhe ſeemes ſhook with a Cold fit.
And thoſe tumultuous Motions, which appeare
So often rais'd about this Earthly Spheare)
Without a reaſon, (though they're thought by ſome
The Births of ſuddaine violence) doe come.
But have their proper Cauſes, well as thoſe
Which Wee, 'cauſe ſtrange, Miraculous ſuppoſe.
As Warme Springs are which gellid ſtreames ſurround,
And Iſlands from the Sea new riſing, found.
Then if one marke how the retiring Maine
The ſhore diſcloſes, and conceales againe;
He'le thinke that the diſtracted Waters run
As 'twere, with a blind voluration,
In't one another, and againe from thence
With a ſwift Courſe, and furious violence
Breake forth, and with augmented Streames, retreat
Unto their wonted Home, and Proper Seat.
When they indeed doe by degrees increaſe,
And to a day, or houre, grow more, or leſſe,
As the Moones Influence doth them diſpoſe;
Govern'd by which, the Ocean ebbs, and flowes.
But theſe Wee leave untill their due Time; ſince
Thou doubt'ſt not, but complaint'ſt of, Providence.
I'le reconcile thee to the Gods above,
who beſt, unto the beſt of Mortalls prove.
For ev'n by Natur's lawes it is withſtood
That good things ſhould prove hurtfull to the Good.

'Twixt

'Twixt God and Good men there's a friendſhip layd
Still Firme, by virtu's Mediation made.
Did I ſay Friendſhip? An inforcive Tye
Or likeneſſe rather, and a Sympathie.
Since a Good man differs from God alone
In time; his amulous Scholler, and his owne
Legittimate Iſſue: whom that Royall Sire
(who virtuous Acts ſeverely doth require)
As Auſtere Parents (who make their's indure
Labour and toyle) to hardſhip doth inure.
If then the Good, (Men after Gods owne will,)
Thou ſhalt behold to toyle, ſwear, climb the Hill,
And ſee the bad to ſport with Wanton Pride
Floating in Pleaſures at a high Spring Tide.
Thinke with thy ſelfe, *that Wee delight to have*
A Modeſt Child, though a licentious ſlave.
That this, too ſevere diſciplin's reſtrain'd,
Whilſt that, in his bold liberti's maintain'd.
The ſelfe ſame courſe thou may'ſt obſerve God take,
He does no darling of a Good Man make;
But tryes, and hardens, makes him Proofe 'gainſt Ill;
And brings him to the Bent of his owne Will.

PART. II.

ARGUMENT.

God doth good Men, (like a severe Father,) Afflictions learne to beare.

Quest.

HOw comes it that Adversitie doth then
So often happen to the Best of Men?

Ans. *No Ill to a good Man can ere befall,*
Since Contraries can never mix at All.
For as the Land so many fresh Streames powres
Into the Sea, the Heav'n so many showres,
And yet the Saltnesse of the Ocean
Can neither change, nor lessen: so, nor can
His fixed Resolutions alt'red be
Though storm'd on All sides by Adversitie,
He's still the same, and whatsoe're ensue
Be't good, or Bad, he brings to his owne Hue.
Since he's above all outward Accidents;
Not that I meane of these he hath no sence,
But that he masters them; and with a State
Compos'd, beares up against the Tyde of Fate.
Counts Crosses Exercises of the Mind:
For where's that man, to honest things inclin'd,
Affects not lawfull labour? And's not prone
To good Imployments though with hazard, knowne?

And

And to a Soule Induſtrious, what leſſe
Then a tormenting Paine, is Idleneſſe?
Wee ſee that Wraſtlers leaſt their ſtrength impaire,
T'incounter with the ſtrongeſt ſtill prepare,
Before the Combat craving from their Foes
That they would them with their whole ſtrength oppoſe.
Enduring Stroakes, and Gripes; and if too weake
One Foe they find, they more Oppoſents ſeeke.
Vertue without an Adverſary, pines.
Then ſhe alone in her true greatneſſe ſhines,
Then doth her value, and her ſtrength appeare,
When ſhe by ſuffering ſhewes what ſhe can beare.
And know from me, *this is a Good Mans State,*
Not to feare Croſſes, nor complaine of Fate,
Who ſhould what ever happens to him, take
As ſent for good, and his advantage make.
Not what, but how we ſuffer, is the thing.
See'ſt not how Fathers, unlike Mothers, bring
Their children up? they with an early care
Them for their ſtudies, and their Books prepare,
Nor ſuffer them though on a Holy-day.
(A time for Liberty and eaſe) to play;
But exerciſe in ſome laborious courſe,
Sweat from their Browes, Teares from their eyes, inforce.
When Mothers hug them in their Boſomes laid,
Nor ſuffer them to ſtirre out of the ſhade,
Teares, ſadneſſe, toyle, are things they muſt not know.
God to Good men a Fathers minde doth ſhow,
And loves with a more ſtrong affection.
"Let them (ſayes he) that would for mine be knowne,

"Be

" Bee with griefe labour, and with Croſſes try'd,
" That ſo they may be truely fortifi'd.
Full Bodies languiſh through dull Idleneſſe;
Whom toyle, and their owne weight alike oppreſſe.
Unhurt Felicity, no wound can bide;
When with her Croſſes ſhe hath been us'd to chide;
Then through all Injuries that Chance doth lay
T' obſtruct her Paſſage ſhe doth force her way;
Yeelds to nayles, though over-power'd by might,
But on her knees, though downe, maintaines the fight.

Obj. Thou wondreſt God that ſo the Good doth love,
Who would they ſhould the beſt of Mortalls prove,
And the moſt excellent, ſhould yet by's will
Make them the Exerciſe of Fortune ſtill.

Anſw. I wonder not, if Gods with pleaſed eyes
See great men combate with Calamities.
'Tis to our ſelves ſometimes a pleaſing ſight
To ſee a Youth with an undaunted ſprite,
The rough aſſault of ſome fierce Beaſt oppoſe,
Or feareleſſe with a raging Lion cloſe.
And ſo much more delightfull is the ſight,
As the Youth's comely, who performes the fight.
Theſe are not ſpectacles for Gods to ſee,
But childiſh Scenes of humane vanity.
Behold a ſight, on which as if intent
On its chiefe worke, Heav'ns eye may well be bent.
A ſight worth Heav'n indeed, to ſee a minde
Firmly reſolv'd to adverſe Fortune joyn'd;
As that he ſcorned Fury, ſeem'd to brave.
What nobler ſpectacle great *Jove* could have

On

On Earth, I know not, would he daigne to looke,
Then to ſee *Cato* all his Partie broke,
Upright yet midd'ſt the Publique Ruines ſtand,
„ Though All (ſayes he) now ſtoope to ones Command,
„ Though Legions guard the Land, Navies the Sea,
„ And 'fore our Ports *Ceſar* intrenched be,
„ *Cato* hath yet an *Exit* from all Theſe.
„ And with one Hand can whereſoe're he pleaſe,
„ Make his rode Way to libertie. This Blade,
„ With blood of Civill Warre ne're guiltie made,
„ A brave and Noble Act at length ſhall doe;
„ On *Cato* now that Libertie beſtow
„ It could not on his Country. Now the Fact
„ My Soule! So long premeditated act.
„ And ſnatch thy ſelfe out of Humanitie.
„ By this time *Juba* and *Petreius* be
„ Diſpatch'd; and lye, ſlaine by each others Hand.
„ A brave, and valiant End! Yet does not ſtand
„ With our great-ſould reſolves: *Cato* his Death
„ As much from any ſcorns to aske, as Breath.
Sure no ſmall joy it in the Gods did move,
Whilſt they beheld him his owne Reſcue prove,
And as it were for others ſafetie lay
The ground, and trace for their Eſcapes the Way.
Whilſt that laſt Night his ſtudies he purſu'd,
And in his ſacred Breſt his Sword imbru'd,
Whilſt h'his extracted Bowells threw about,
And with his owne undaunted Hand, drew out
His pious Soule, too worthy farre to feele,
Or be contaminated by rude Steele.

And therefore I imagine that the Wound
No ſure, nor Efficacious Iſſue found,
Cato but once to ſee, could not ſuffice
The high Immortall Powers. His Faculties,
And vertue therefore, ſtill retained were,
That in the hardeſt part they might appeare.
For 'tis an Act leſſe high, and great, our Breath
At once to force, then to repeat our Death.
Nor with unwilling Eyes, doe I ſuppoſe
They ſaw their Son ſo glorioully cloſe
His Memorable Tragedy; *Death then,*
Is but the Conſeration of good Men.
Whoſe brave and gallant *Exit*, juſtly drawes
From thoſe that tremble at it, as Applauſe.

PART. III.

ARGUMENT.

Ills are not Ills to good Men meant.
But are by God as Tryalls ſent.

NOw ſhall the Progreſſe of our Worke make cleare
Thoſe are no Ills at All that ſo appeare.
For thoſe things you, harſh, cruell, horrid call,
Were firſt ordain'd for them on whom they fall,
And next for all Mankind, which is Heav'ns Care
Farre more than any Individualls are.

Next, that theſe things falls not againſt their Wills,
That, did they, they deſerv'd to ſuffer Ills.
To theſe I'le adde that they from Fate doe flow,
And to the good, by the ſame Rule they're ſo,
Doe happen; therefore I perſwade thee ſhall
Never to pittie a good Man at All.
He miſerable ſometimes may be ſaid,
But never can be miſerable made.
But that which We did at the firſt propoſe,
Of All the reſt, to prove, the Hardeſt ſhowes,
Which is; *That for thoſe Men, ev'n that's by Fate*
Ordain'd, which We abhorre, and tremble at.
But thou wilt ſay, was't for their ſakes ordain'd
They ſhould be baniſh'd? be to want conſtrain'd?
Of Children be deprived, and of Wife?
Slander'd? debarr'd the Meanes to ſtrengthen life?
If thou think'ſt ſtrange this ſhould appointed be
For any, thou wilt wonder then to ſee
Lancings, and Fire, Famine, and Thurſt, to ſome
The Inſtruments, and Meanes of Cure become.
But when thou ſhalt conſider that t'obtaine
A Remedy, ſome doe indure the Paine
To have their Bones be ſcal'd, their vaines pull'd out,
And limbs lopt off, when the whole Frame's in doubt;
Thou then wilt eaſily to this Aſſent,
That Ills for thoſe, on whom they fall are meant.
And are for them as fit, and proper thought,
As thoſe things, which with eager longing ſought,
Are contrary to thoſe they doe delight.
As the raw, drunken furies of the Night,

And ſuch like Like Luxuries, which while W'injoy
Our Ruine prove, and while they pleaſe, deſtroy.
'Mongſt All thoſe high Expreſſions of his Mind
Which by our good *Demetrius* left I find,
This voice above the reſt, me thinks I heare
Still freſh, and ſmartly ſounding in my Eare.
„ *Nought then that Man can more unhappy be*
„ *Who never taſted Infelicitie.*
He ne're could come to try himſelfe, though All
Ev'n at his Wiſh, nay 'fore his wiſh befall,
Yet the Impartiall Gods, of him eſteem'd
But hardly; that Man was ne're worthy deem'd
That he ſhould vanguiſh Fortune, which ſtill flies
From the moſt dull unactive Enemies.
As though th'had ſaid; make him m' *Antagoniſt*,
Will ſtraight throw downe his Armes, and quit the *Liſt?*
Wee need not uſe our ſtrength; Our threats ſhall chace
Him hence; He dares not looke us in the face.
Let's with ſome other Combatant joyne Hands,
With one who ready to be vanquiſht ſtands,
'Tis ſhame t'incounter. Gladiators will
Thinke it a ſcorne, with thoſe in ſtrength and skill
To them Inferiour, to contend, who know
That's held but an Inglorious Overthrow
It's without danger giv'n: Fortune the ſame
Doth doe; and ſeekes out Combatants of Name.
Paſſes by others in a Scorne, and ſlight,
And the moſt reſolute, and moſt upright
Incounters with. On *Mucius* fire doth try,
Upon the ſtayd *Fabricius* Poverty.

By Exile 'gainſt *Rutilius* would prevaile,
And *Regulus* with Tortures doth aſſaile.
Upon wiſe *Socrates* the Poiſon tryes,
And againſt *Cato* Death it ſelfe imployes.
All Great Examples, are b'Ill Fortune ſought,
Shall therefore *Mucius* be unhappy thought,
'Cauſe middſt the Hoſtile Flames his hand he thruſt?
And his owne Error did conceive it juſt
Himſelfe ſhould puniſh? What? 'Cauſe with that Hand
He could not arm'd with Steele, when burnt t'a Brand,
He made *Porſenna* flye? Or ſhould he be
Thought happier in his Miſtris Breſt if he
His hand had cheriſht? Is *Fabricius* found
L're the leſſe happy, 'cauſe he digg'd his ground
When free from State-Affairs? Doubly Ingag'd,
Who warre at once with *wealth*, and *Pyrrhus* wag'd.
And ſupp'd upon thoſe Beets his Weeded Field
Did him an aged *Triumphator* yeeld,
Or had he more Felicitie injoy'd
If with ſtrange Fiſh, or forraigne Fowle h'had cloy'd
And ſtufft his Emptie belly? Or, if t'excite
The Dulneſſe of his queaſie Appetite
H'had rak'd the upper, and the lower Sea
For Shell-Fiſh? Or, if in large Hortyards, he
Beaſts of the Nobleſt kind had clos'd, were ta'ne
With loſſe of many a bold Hunter ſlaine?
Or is *Rutilius* unhappy? 'Cauſe
He was condemned by the unjuſt Lawes
And Power of thoſe, who for that Act ſhall be
Condemn'd themſelves to all Eternitie;

'Cauſe

Cauſe with an ev'ner Mind he underwent
His Doome, then Freedom from his Baniſhment?
Cauſe he alone great *Sylla* durſt deny,
And when call'd home againe, did farther flye?
„ Let thoſe (ſaith he) whom thy Felicitie
„ Inſlaves at *Rome*, a bloody Deluge ſee
„ I'th' *Forum*; and, 'bove the *Servilian Lake*,
„ (For in that Place they us'd the Spoile to take
„ Of thoſe whom *Sylla* had proſcrib'd) behold
„ The Heads of *Senators*; and Troopes of bold,
„ Deſp'rate *Aſſaſſinates*, run every where
„ Along the ſtreets; and thouſand *Romans* there
„ After Faith giv'n, and Pledge of thy right Hand,
„ Nay, againſt Faith, butcher'd at thy Command.
„ Let thoſe that cannot endure Baniſhment,
„ Be with ſuch horrid Spectacles content.
What then? *Is Sylla* e're the happier thought,
Cauſe to the *Roman Forum* he was brought,
Guarded with Swords? and Heads of *Conſulls* ſlaine
He caus'd to be ſuſpended? and the Gaine
And Price of his dire *Maſſacres* he tooke
By *Publique Tables*, and the *Queſtors Booke*?
Yet All theſe things unqueſtion'd does that Man
Who firſt brought in the *Law Cornelian*.
Come Wee to *Regulus*; what hurt had he
By Fortune? that, him wh'of Fidelitie
The Great Examp'le was before, ſhe now
Hath made the Arche type of Patience too?
Nailes pierce his skin, and though he turne him round,
His wearied Body reſts upon a Wound.

Nor can his Eyes in ſleepe be ever clos'd
But to perpetuall Wakefulneſſe expos'd.
How much the greater Torture he ſuſtain'd,
So much the greater Glory thence he gain'd.
Would'ſt be aſſur'd he not repents his Fate,
To have priz'd Vertue at ſo high a Rate?
Refreſh him, ſend him to the *Senate*, there,
You'l ſtill from him the *ſame Opinion* heare.
Now, does the great *Mecænas* therefore ſeeme
The happier of the two in thy eſteeme,
'Cauſe, Vext with jealous love, griev'd at the life
Of his Imperious and fantaſtick Wife,
(Which ev'ry day threaten'd to leave him) he
With Muſicks moſt delicious Harmony,
Eccho'd from farre, in ſoft, and melting Straines,
In pleaſing ſlumbers ſought to charme his Braines?
Though he in flowing Bowles his ſences ſleepe,
And with the Fall of Waters, court his ſleepe,
As farre from reſt yet on his Downe he lies,
As he in Midd'ſt of all his Agonies.
This, from his Miſeries a Comfort drawes,
In that he ſuffer'd for an honeſt Cauſe.
Whilſt t'other, with his luſts, and Pleaſures ſpent,
Sick of a Surfet of too much content,
The Cauſe and Reaſon of his ſuff'rings paines
Farre more, then All that he for that ſuſtaines.
Men are not yet ſo much inthrall'd to Vice,
But if the Gods ſhould put them to their Choice
There would be more with *Regulus* his Fate
Then to be borne unto *Mecænas* ſtate.

If there be any yet dares say that he,
Rather then *Reg'lus*, would *Mæcenas* be,
That Man, (though to confesse it he be loath)
Had rather be *Terrentia*, then e'm both.
Do'st *Socrates* but hardly us'd, suppose,
Cause he tooke off his publique-mixed Doze
As 'twere a Cup of Immortalitie?
And with a firme unmoved Constancy
Of Mind, disputed, and discourst of Death
Untill that came, and stop'd his learned Breath?
Was he ill deale with 'cause his Ice-turn'd Blood
Unactive in it it's frozen Channells stood?
How much more to be envy'd is his State
Then their's who served are in Jewel'd Plate,
To whom some old, and out-worne slave, that's brought
To be at all Turnes, to beare All things taught,
Poures melted Snow from out a Golden *Ewre*
That may A *Fresco* to their Wine procure.
Those what they drinke shall vomit up at last,
And 'gainst their Wills their bitter Choller taste.
When he to no such surfetings inclin'd,
Shall take downe Poyson with a willing Mind.
Enough of *Cato*; whom all Men confesse
To have attain'd the light of Happinesse.
A Man whom Nature seem'd to choose, by whom
She might the Worst of Terrors overcome.
Of powerfull Men, heavy's the Enmitie.
Yet hee'd to *Pompey Cæsar, Crassus* be
Oppos'd: *'tis a sad thing, to see Men goe*
Above us in Honours, in deserts below.

Yet can he see *Vatinius* preferr'd,
To be ingag'd in Civill warres, is hard
And grievous: Yet o're the whole World *for Right*
Stoutly, though sure of Ill successe, he'd fight.
To part with life seemes grievous to most Men,
Yet should he do't: By this what would I then?
That All might know, those are not to b'esteem'd
Ills, of which, Catos *selfe I worthy deem'd.*

PART. IV.

ARGUMENT.

Vertue by being oppreſt, is ſhowne,
Thoſe Woe thinke Miſeries, are None.

PRoſperitie, and happy Fortune, finds
Out baſe, Plebean, and ungenerous Minds:
But 'tis the Propertie of a Great Soule
Croſſes and humane Terrors to controule.
To live ſtill happy, and ne're feele no Smart,
Is not to know of life the other Part.
Thou'rt a ſtout Man: But how ſhall this be knowne,
If by ſome Chance thy Valour be not ſhowne?
But thou wilt ſay, thou went'ſt to play thy Prize
And wert at the Olimpicke Exerciſe;
But none beſides thy ſelfe. *The Garland gain'd*
Thou haſt, but not the Victory obtain'd.

No:

Not as a ſtrong Man thee I gratulate,
But as if one to the *Pretorian State*;
Or *Conſulſhip*, that is arriv'd at length;
Thou art increaſt in *Honour*, not in *ſtrength*.
The like to a good Man may be apply'd,
If by no Croſſes, nor Afflictions try'd.
I count thee wretched, that thou ne're were ſo.
If ne're in all thy life thou knew'ſt a Foe,
None thy Abilities can judge; nor you
Your ſelfe, can tell what 'tis your ſelfe can doe.
Man to the knowledge of himſelfe, muſt bring
Experiments all Proofes; Triall's the Thing
By which We learne our Strength. Some have bin known
Of their owne ſelves t'have ſought Affliction;
That ſo their Vertues, without Exerciſe
Obſcuring, might with renew'd ſplendour riſe.
For in Adverſitie Great Minds delight
No leſſe, then Valiant Souldiers doe in Fight.
I'h've heard a Fencer in Great *Caiſus* Raigne
Thus of the ſcarceneſſe of Rewards complaine.
„ How faire an Age, ſaith he, is loſt and gone!
Vertu's with greedineſſe to Vice is prone.
Her Race, not ſuff'rings, 'tis ſhe minds: ſince thoſe
Th' Accompliſhments of Glory are ſhe knowes.
Wounds are the Souldiers praiſe; who take a Pride
To ſhew their Armes in their owne Bloods bedy'd,
In ſome ſucceſſefull Fight; And though perchance
That man as much might doe, as farre advance
Receiv'd no hurt, yet Wee the Wounded prize,
And he it is on whom Wee fix Our Eyes.

God as it were ſtudies the good of thoſe
To whom he ſome fit matter doth oppoſe
To try their Valours on. T' which we with paine
And difficulty ſometimes ſcarce attaine.
A Pilot is in ſtormes and Tempeſts ſhowne,
A Generall is in a Battell knowne.
How ſhall I know thou canſt beare Poverty
When thou ſtill flow'ſt with Riches? Whence ſhall I
Know with how conſtant, and compos'd a ſtate
Thou canſt brook ſlanders, and the Peoples Hate,
If in the *Generall Plaudit* thou grow old?
If an affection not to be controul'd
And popular opinion, and good Will
Inclin'd to favour thee, attend thee ſtill?
How ſhall I know with what an even minde
Thou Childrens loſſe canſt beare, if none thou finde
Of all thy Race impair'd? I h've heard thee, when
Thou comfort'ſt others; but would gladly then
Have ſeen thee to thy ſelfe like comfort give
Or heard thee then forbid thy ſelfe to grieve.
Be not poſſeſt with Terror of thoſe things,
Which Gods apply as the Minds ſpurs, not ſtings.
Misfortune's vertues Opportunity.
All men thoſe wretched thinke deſervedly,
Who languiſh on the bed of Happineſſe,
Benum'd with the Torpedo of Exceſſe.
Whom dull Tranquility, and ſtupid eaſe,
Detaine like Veſſells in becalmed Seas.
What e're to ſuch befalls, will ſtrange appeare;
Men unexperienc'd, Croſſes hardly beare.

With

With paine the Yoak the tender neck doth brook;
Pale at the thought of wounds raw Tyro's looke.
When the old Souldier with a dauntleſſe eye
Viewes his owne Wounds, nor turnes his Head awry.
As one, by whom that Maxime's underſtood
He oft proves Victor who reſiſts to blood.
Thoſe then, whom God approves, and loves, he tries,
Chaſtens, and harneas in Adverſities.
whilſt others; whom he ſeemes t'indulge and ſpare
For future Miſeries reſerved are.
Thou err'ſt to thinke there's an exemption;
Ev'n the long happy hath his Portion:
Who ſeemes diſmiſs'd, is but deferr'd. * You'll ſay — * *Object.*
Why yet does God ſtill on the beſt Men lay
Sickneſſe and Croſſes? * Why in Camps are put — * *Anſw.*
Moſt dangers ſtill, on the moſt reſolute?
To beate up Quarters, Scout, or Enemies
By nightly Ambuſcadoes to ſurprize,
The choiceſt ſtill are ſent; nor of thoſe, one,
Thinks himſelfe leſſe in the Opinion
Of his Commander; or by that debas'd;
But that his Merits are more highly grac'd.
So may thoſe ſay, who are thoſe Ills deſign'd
T'endure, ſeem horrors to a timerous Minde;
"Worthy the love of Heav'n we now are meant,
"Which by our ſuff'rings would experiment
"How much t'is humane Nature can ſuſtaine.
Fly from enerv'd Felicity, and vaine
Delights; which as it were diſſolve, and ſteep
Th'inebriated Minde in a long ſleep.

With — *Unleſſe*

Unleſſe by chance ſome intervening Fate
A monitory give of humane ſtate.
Whom ſtill glaſſe Windowes skreen from cold and wind,
Whoſe feet ſtill warm'd are kept; whoſe roomes are lin'd
With the ſtoves ſubtile circumfuſed Heate;
To ſuch, the aires leaſt breath doth danger threat.
Though all extreames doe hurt, there's no exceſſe
So dangerous as that of happineſſe.
This foyles the underſtanding, and with vaine
Deluſive Fancies does diſtract the Braine;
And 'fore our blinded eyes a miſt doth ſpread,
They cannot Truths from Falſhoods apprehend.
Is it not then farre better to abide
Perpetuall Croſſes which to vertue guide,
Then to be broken with th' exceſſive weight
Of a too great, and a too happy ſtate?
To leave, ſpare Bodies, Death ſcarce ſeems a paine;
Tormenting Cruelties the the Groſſe ſuſtaine.
Heav'n with good men, obſerves the ſelfe ſame rule
As Maſters doe with Schollers in the Schoole;
Who greater Paines, and harder Taskes on thoſe
That are the hopefulleſt eſteem'd, impoſe.
Think'ſt thou the Spartans leſſe their children love
'Cauſe they by publick ſtripes doe uſe to prove
Their youthfull diſpoſitions? Parents there
Their Sons exhort with courage blowes to beare
Of laſhing whips; and though halfe dead with paine,
To perſevere, and wounds on wounds ſuſtaine.
Of God then, Generous ſpirits with ſevere
Tough Trials proves, why ſhould it ſtrange appeare?

In

In all the Book of vertue there's not one
Soft Document, or eaſie leſſon known.
With Fortunes whips though we be laſht, and rent,
Let's bear't; *'tis our Triall, not our Puniſhment.*
Which the more often 'tis we undergoe
The more prepar'd, and harder ſtill we grow.
Of all the Body, that part's moſt obdur'd
And ſol'id, is to conſtant Toyle inur'd.
We ſhould to Fortune be expos'd, that wo -
Againſt her ſelfe, arm'd by her ſelfe might be.
To be her equalls us in time ſhe brings,
Contempt of dangers from try'd dangers ſprings.
So Mariners endure the Sea, and ſo
The Plow-mans hands with labour hard'ned grow.
So Souldiers learne to throw their Darts with force;
So Racers prove the nimbler for the Courſe:
Perfection and Solidity doth riſe
From conſtant and aſſiduous exerciſe.
So is the Minde by Patience brought at laſt
Contempt upon the Power of Fate to caſt.
Whoſe force we well may gueſſe upon the minde,
When how much labour can performe, we finde
In poore, and naked people, whom we ſee
Aſſuming ſtrength ev'n from their poverty.
Do but conſider all thoſe Nations round,
Which to the Roman Peace, preſcribe a bound;
I meane the Germans, and thoſe People ſpread
Along the Banks of Iſter to his Head.
To lowring skies, and Winters laſting cold
Subjected ſtill; to whom the barren Mold

Scarce

Scarce Food affords? to whom a Shed of Boughes,
A homely ſhelter from the Raine allowes.
Who on the frozen Iſter, or the Rhine
Doe ſlide, and on the hunted Quarry dine.
Doſt count theſe men wretched in thy eſteem?
No Natu'rall Habit can e're wretched ſeem:
Time by degrees does thoſe things pleaſant make,
Which from Neceſſity their Births did take.
No Houſes there, no reſting Place to thoſe
But ſuch as toyle, and wearineſſe impoſe.
No food though vile, but what their Hands procure;
Though horrid be their Climes intemperature,
Yet they goe naked; and this you ſuppoſe
A *Miſery*, is yet the *Life* of thoſe.
Why doſt thou wonder if thou good men ſee
Shook with the ſtormes of Fortune? ſince that Tree
But weakly rooted is, nor ſolid growne,
Hath not the frequent ſhocks of Tempeſts knowne:
Which firmer ſtill, and deeper rooting findes,
The more 'tis toſt and vexed with the windes;
Whilſt thoſe which in the Sunny Valley grow
Are weak and brittle. *Good men therefore, ſo*
Are exercis'd in matters full of feare,
That they might terrors without terror beare:
And with calme Mindes, thoſe things might undergoe
No Ills are, but to thoſe endure them ſo.

PART V.

ARGUMENT.

For good of others, ſufferers be
The Good; All ſtoop to Deſtiny.

AND now, 'tis for the Generall end, the Beſt
Should war, and by their Deeds their lives atteſt.
Since 'tis God's aime, and a Wiſe-mans, to prove
That thoſe things which the vulgar feare, or love
Are in themſelves nor good, nor Ill at all:
For if by Heaven's Decree they doe befall
To a good man, their good; but bad they are,
If they're allotted to a bad mans ſhare.
Blindneſſe were deteſtable, did we finde
None loſt their eyes, but thoſe the Law made blinde,
Then *Appius* and *Metellus* may want eyes.
We doe not Riches as a true good prize;
Ellius the Bawd may then be rich, and we,
When in the Temples ſacred Treaſurie
W'have offer'd up our conſecrated gold,
The ſame in the Burdello may behold.
God cannot more mens longings viliſie
Then thoſe, the baſeſt grant, the beſt deny.
Obj. But you will ſay it ſeemes to you unjuſt
The good ſhould be oppreſt, impriſon'd, truſt.

When

When you behold the Bad ſtill living free
In all Delights, and Senſualitie.

Anſw. Is it not yet as much unjuſt, and hard,
That valiant men in Armes ſhould nightly guard
The Campe? and for defence thereof, decline
No wounds, but with their Bloods make good the Line,
Whilſt ſafe i'th' Citie the ſpruce Gallant lies,
Glor'ing in his profeſt Adulteries?
I'ſt not unjuſt that nobleſt Virgins riſe
At Midnight, to their ſacred Exerciſe,
Whilſt diſſolute, and inquinated Minds,
Soft, pleaſing ſleepe, in ſilken Fetters binds?
Labour and Travell, ſtill the beſt aſſayes;
The *Senate* oft in Councell ſit whole dayes.
Whilſt in the Fields the meaneſt Groome doth pleaſe
Himſelfe, or in the Taverne takes his Eaſe,
Or in ſome other Paſſe time ſpends his Houres.
'Tis the ſame in the Worlds Common Wealth, as ours.
Good Men there toyle, and labour ſtill; nor by
Fortune are hall'd, but follow willingly.
And keepe pace with her, and if they had knowne
Her mind, perhaps they had before her gone.
That gallant Speech I here to Mind recall,
Did once from the great-Sould' *Demetrius* fall.
„ Of this, (you Gods!) Doe I complaine alone,
„ That I before, your pleaſures had not knowne;
„ For ſooner then ſhould I have made m'Appeare,
„ Unto thoſe things, which now I'm call'd to beare,
„ Would you my Children have? they are your due,
„ They were begot, and bread by me for you.

„ Would

„ Would you ſome Limbe? (what here my Vow aſſures
„ Is no great thing) ſtrait my whole Body's yours.
„ Would you my Soule? I ſhall no whit delay,
„ But gladly what you gave me ſhall repay.
„ What e're you aske I give you willingly,
„ An offering rather then Delivery.
„ What need y'have forc'd them from me? Now you may
„ Receive them; no, nor now ſhall take away.
„ Since nothing from that Man can e're be ta'en,
„ Who of himſelfe ſeekes nothing to retaine.
„ Nought 'gainſt my Will, am I compell'd to beare,
„ To God *in love* I'aſſent, not ſerve *in feare.*
„ Since I know all things move by a decree,
„ Sure, and enacted from Eternitie.
W'are led by Fate; and his firſt Houre of Breath,
Unto each Man preſcribes his Houre of Death.
Cauſe upon Cauſe depends, and all are drawne
By a long-link't Concattnation.
Which therefore We ſhould beare with courage, ſince
Nought falls by *chance*, but comes by *Providence.*
Our Joyes, and Sorrowes were long ſ[illegible] decreed,
And though the life of each Man, ſeeme indeed
With much Varietie diſtinguiſht; yet,
There is to All, one common Period ſet.
All w'have receiv'd is ſubject to decay,
And We our ſelves muſt one day paſſe away.
Why then doe We complaine? or fret with ſcorne
And Indignation? *We for this were borne.*
Nature may doe (by whom We all ſubſiſt)
With her owne Compoſitions, as ſhe liſt.

Yet let us cheerefully with Minds prepar'd
Thinke, that there's nothing of our owne impair'd.

Queſt. What is it beſt befits a good Mans State?
Anſw. To yeeld himſelfe into the Hands of Fate.
'Tis no ſmall comfort, that W'are rapt, and hurl'd
About, with the ſame Courſe as the whole World.
That which commands us to live thus, thus dye,
Binds Heav'n by the ſame Neceſſitie.
And all things humane, and Divine, doth force
Along in an irrevocable Courſe.
Who made, and rules this All, to Fate preſcrib'd
Lawes, yet himſelfe ev'n by thoſe Lawes is ty'd.
And that which his Commands did once deliver,
Now to obſerve he ſtands oblig'd for ever.

Queſt. Why yet by God i'th'diſtribution
Of Fate, ſeemes there ſo much Injuſtice ſhowne?
That Povertie, wounds, cruell Deaths, he ſhov'd
Aſſigne ſtill for the Portions of the Good?
Anſw. The Workman cannot new his Matter caſt;
That hath the Lawes of it's Creation paſt.
Some things will not be ſeperate, nor leave
Others, but, as if Individualls, cleave.
Thoſe heavy Soules, who ſtill in ſlumbers ſteepe
Their drowſy Braines, and ſeeme awake, to ſleepe;
Of dull, and groſſe Materialls framed are.
But to the making of a Man that's rare
An abler Fate's requir'd, he muſt not goe
The plaine way, but muſt travell high, and low.
He muſt with toſſing ſtormes acquainted be,
And guide his Veſſell in a high-ſwolne Sea.

Muſt

Muſt ſhape his Courſe 'gainſt Fortune; to him, ſhall
Many a hard rough Accident befall:
Yet ſuch as he himſelfe with ſome ſmall paine
May bring to a ſoft ſmoothneſſe and make plaine.
The beſt of Mettalls, gold, the Fire doth try;
The beſt, and Valiant'ſt Men, Adverſity.
See but what Steepe Vertue climbs up, and ſure
You'l then confeſſe, *ſhe cannot goe ſecure.*

PART. VI.

ARGUMENT.

No Joyes the Bad can happy make,
Nought from the good their Joyes can take.

Queſt.

WHy yet does God by his Eternall Will,
Permit good Men to ſuffer any Ill?

Anſw.

Know, he permits them not; for by his Care
All evills farre from them removed are.
Flagitious Crimes, foule thoughts, corrupt Deſires,
Blind luſt, and Avarice *that ſtill aſpires*
To be Poſſeſſor of another State;
He them doth both defend, and Vindicate.

Sure there is no Man at Gods hands exacts
That he should beare their Budgets, and their Packs.
Ev'n they themselves acquit God of that Care;
By whom, all outward things contemned are.
Democritus his Riches cast, since they
He thought were Clogs to a good Mind, away.
Would'st thou then if God t'a good man, shall
Permit that, which himselfe desires might, fall?

* *Obj.* * Of Children they're depriv'd; * Why not? Since they
* *Answ.* Are mortall, and must dye themselves one day.
* *Obj.* * They are exil'd: * Why not? Since they sometime,
* *Answ.* Forsake ne're more to see't, their Native Clime.

* *Obj.* * They're slain; * Why not? Since Wee have knowne that
* *Answ.* Unto their Deaths by their own Hands have come. (some
* *Quest.* * Why suffer they Adversities? * That so
* *Answ.* They might teach others them to undergoe.

They're for Examples borne; Thinke that you heare
„ God say, What Cause have you that you should e're
„ Make your Complaints of me, you, who in Right,
„ And in Integritie, have tooke delight?
„ Others with seeming Goods I've but enrich'd;
„ And with a long and flattering Dreame, bewitch'd
„ Their vainer Minds. Gold, Silver, Ivory's sceene
„ To adorne their outsides, *but no good within.*
„ Those you count happy Men, (could but that side
„ Which they conceale, as that they show be spy'd)
„ Most miserable, filthy, sordid, are.
„ And like their Walls, onely on th'outside faire.
„ 'Tis no sincere, solid Felicitie,
„ But thinly crusted over to the Eye.

„ Whilst

" Whilst therefore they stand sure, and as they list
" Doe shew themselves; they shine as through a Mist
" With larger Orbs: but if ought come that may
" Disturbe their Quiets, and them open lay,
" Then will appeare how much of base impure
" Filth, their false boasted splendor did obscure.
" True, reall Goods, and such as shall abide
" I have on you bestow'd, which the more try'd
" By you they shall be, and be search'd more neare,
" They better still, and greater shall appeare.
" Minds have I giv'n you Terrors to despise;
" And loath, what most, affectionately prize.
" Yours is no outward tinseld Braverie,
" The goods which you adorne, turn'd inward be.
" So doth the World his outward Parts despise,
" And with his inward Beauty please his eyes.
" *The happinesse which you 'hove all possesse,*
" *Is not to stand in need of happinesse.*
Ob. " But many sad, and dreadfull Accidents,
" And oft intolerable Fate presents,
Ans. " Since you from these could not exempted be,
" I h've arm'd your mindes against adversitie.
" *Beare all things stoutly, by which meanes you may*
" *walke before God in his appointed way.*
" *Without the suff'rance of Miseries*
" *He is, and you, above their suff'rance rise.*
" Want and low Poverty, contemne, and scorne,
" *There's no man lives so poore as he was borne.*
" Dolour, and paine contemne; 'twill have an end,
" *Orat the worst, if you to yours will send.*

Fortune

" Fortune despise; whose Power I have confin'd;
" *She hath no weapon that can wound the minde.*
" Nay Death it selfe; *which ends, or doth transfate*
" *Your bad condition, to a better state.*

The few following Lines in the Close of the Originall, (being a Stoicall Exhortation to the Anticipation of Death) are purposely omitted.

FINIS.

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